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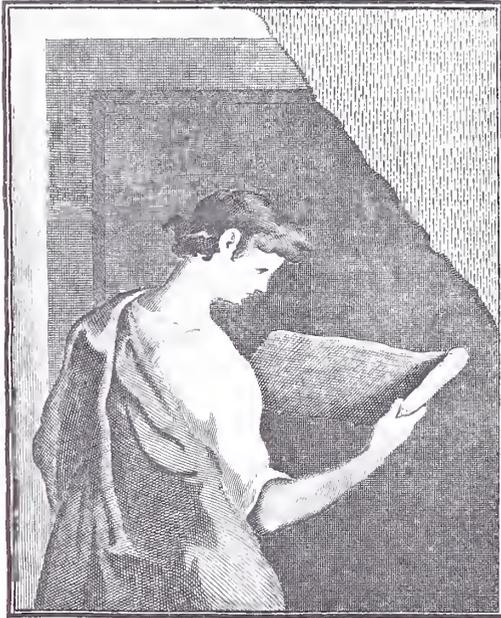
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Edited by THOMAS TAPPER

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Jean-Baptiste Greuze

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GREUZE
THE PUNISHED SON
LOUVRE, PARIS





PORTRAIT OF GREUZE BY HIMSELF

LOUVRE, PARIS

Greuze was of medium height, and distinguished in appearance. His head was well formed, his forehead high, his eyes large and bright, and his expression frank and ingenuous. He wore his hair in curls on either side of his face, and being fond of dress and finery frequently affected striking and gay-colored clothes. The portrait here reproduced was painted by the artist late in life, and is one of the best examples of his skill in portraiture. His hair is powdered, and he wears a blue coat, gray vest, and loosely knotted white cravat.

Jean-Baptiste Greuze

BORN 1725: DIED 1805

FRENCH SCHOOL

JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE was born at Tournus, France, on August 21, 1725. His father, a master-mason and builder by trade, was desirous that his son, who, when only eight years old showed a decided talent for drawing, should adopt architecture as his profession; but the boy had set his heart upon becoming a painter, and no arguments or threats could shake him in his determination. All his spare moments were devoted to sketching, any stray piece of paper or even a whitewashed wall being sufficient to tempt his pencil. When forbidden by his father to waste his time thus, Jean-Baptiste, by no means obedient to his parent's wishes, persistently exercised his skill in secret, drawing and sketching in his own room long after he was supposed to be abed and asleep. Finally a pen-and-ink copy of a head of St. James which he gave to his father as a birthday present, and which was so skilfully executed that it was mistaken for an engraving, convinced the elder Greuze that his son's talent justified the boy in his wish to be an artist; and accordingly Jean-Baptiste was sent to Lyons, where he became a pupil of Grandon, a portrait-painter of that place.

Grandon's studio was a veritable picture-factory, and Greuze, taught to work with more speed than excellence, was expected to produce a finished picture each day. As a result, he became disgusted with this mechanical method, and, conscious of powers which he longed to display in a broader field, decided to go to Paris and try his fortune in the city where so many had gone before him, equally hopeful, equally ambitious, and equally destitute.

Few details of Greuze's early life in Paris are known. He does not seem to have attached himself to any studio nor to have studied under any master, but to have worked alone and in obscurity, earning a living as best he could by the exercise of his profession, which he pursued in spite of hardships and discouragements. In the course of time we hear of him at the Academy, where he studied drawing under Natoire, and where he encountered the hostility and jealousy of his fellow-students, who so hurt the pride and self-esteem of the young provincial artist by the lack of consideration with which they treated him that he finally complained to Silvestre, director of the Acad-

emy. Struck by the ability that the young man's studies and sketches displayed, Silvestre forthwith agreed to have his portrait painted by Greuze—a commission which gave the painter a certain notoriety. It was owing, too, to the protection and patronage of Silvestre and to the kindness of Pigalle, the king's sculptor, that Greuze was later accepted as a candidate for membership in the Academy, thereby acquiring the right to exhibit his pictures at the annual exhibitions, or Salons, held by that body.

At about this time (1755) Greuze had the good fortune to attract the attention of a rich and influential amateur, M. de la Live de Jully, by a picture that he had painted some time previously, entitled 'A Father Reading the Bible to his Children.' This work was bought by M. de Jully, who invited the artists and art-lovers of Paris to his house to see his new acquisition. Its success was immediate, and Greuze suddenly found himself famous. When exhibited at the Salon of 1755 the picture attracted the attention and aroused the enthusiasm of all. Nothing of the kind had been seen in Paris; and people crowded around the canvas to study each detail of this portrayal of humble life, that was as different from the pompous and grandiose pictures of the court-painters, in which royalty was wont to figure under the guise of some Greek or Roman hero, as from the Arcadian scenes and 'Fêtes galantes' of Watteau and his followers, or the frivolous and sensual allegories of Boucher.

This picture by Greuze, in which a venerable peasant propounds the Scriptures to his family, tells a moral story that coincided so exactly with the ideas contained in the dramas of Diderot, a well-known writer of that period in France, that it was no wonder that the painter who had sprung so suddenly into notice should have been spoken of as "a pupil of Diderot." And Diderot, advocating that art should be devoted to the cause of morality, that to make virtue attractive and vice repulsive "was the duty of every honest man who could wield pen, brush, or chisel," was loud in his praise of Greuze, whose fame was vastly increased by these eulogies.

Towards the end of this year, Greuze, now thirty years old, went to Italy with the Abbé Gougenot, who defrayed the expenses of the tour; but although he studied diligently during the two years that were spent in Italy, he was too thoroughly French to acquire anything of the Italian manner. The principal occurrence that marked this period of his career was a love-affair with a young Roman lady, Lætitia, the beautiful daughter of the Duke del Orr . . . , to whom the painter had been given a letter of introduction. Cordially received by the duke, Greuze was engaged by him to give lessons in painting to his daughter; and before long the two young people had fallen in love with each other, and Greuze, fully aware of the hopelessness of his attachment to one so far above him in station, was plunged into so melancholy a mood that he won for himself among his fellow-students the title of "the lovesick cherub," a title which his light curly hair and boyish appearance made especially applicable. Lætitia, fearing that her affection was unrequited, was equally in despair, but upon an avowal of love which she wrung from the painter her gay spirits returned, and it was long before Greuze could convince her that all must be at an end between them. Her reproaches

were hard to bear, and more than once the lover almost yielded to her persuasions that they should elope. Finally, however, feigning an illness that later became genuine, Greuze firmly resisted all temptation to see Lætitia; and it was only at the request of her father, who wished him to paint her portrait, that upon his recovery he again visited the palace. Three months had meantime gone by, and Lætitia's hand had been promised in marriage to a young nobleman chosen by her father as a suitable husband for her; and Greuze, heart-broken, left Rome, secretly carrying with him a copy of the portrait that he had painted of her whom he had so hopelessly loved.

Upon his return to Paris he devoted himself to his art more assiduously than ever. Among the list of his pictures for the year 1757 are many that bear Italian names and in which the figures are dressed in Italian costumes, but beyond this the influence of Italy is not perceptible in his work, and indeed the only foreign influence ever to be observed there is that of the great Flemish master, Rubens, for whose pictures Greuze entertained an unbounded admiration, frequently gaining permission to study those that were at that time in the Luxembourg Palace, where, mounted on a ladder that he might observe them at close range, he would spend hours.

In addition to his subject pictures, Greuze exhibited at this time several portraits and the first of his numerous representations of heads of young girls and children, upon which his fame to-day especially rests. In 1761 he sent a picture to the Salon that vied in popularity with his painting of 'A Father Reading the Bible to his Children,' exhibited six years before. This was 'The Village Bride' ('L'Accordée de Village'), which created a sensation in Paris and called forth a gushing rhapsody from Diderot.

The success of this picture confirmed Greuze in the direction of his art—the representation of moral scenes from the life of the lower classes—and from that time he was indefatigable in his search for such subjects, finding them in the streets and market-places of Paris, on the quays, in the little cafés of the boulevards which he visited in the evenings, sketch-book in hand—anywhere, in short, where he could observe the life of the people. His desire was to paint a series of twenty-six pictures after the fashion of the English Hogarth, in illustration of a narrative of his own composition entitled 'Basil and Theobald, or the Two Educations.' This project was never carried out, but an idea of its intended style may be deduced from the two companion pictures now in the Louvre, painted at about this time, 'The Father's Curse' and 'The Punished Son.'

Greuze was now the fashion, and orders for his works poured in upon him faster than they could be filled. Fortunate and prosperous as he was in his profession, however, his home life was anything but happy. Soon after his return from Italy he had been attracted by Mademoiselle Anne-Gabrielle Babuty, the daughter of a bookseller in Paris, and herself in charge of the little book-shop where Greuze first made her acquaintance. She was then somewhat over thirty years of age, and possessed of a fine figure, a certain doll-like beauty, a pink-and-white complexion, and an innocent, naïve expression, which captivated the fancy of the painter, always susceptible to the

charms of woman; and before long, by the scheming of Mademoiselle Babuty, he had been persuaded into a reluctant marriage.

At first all went well. Greuze frequently painted his wife, whose beauty was of the kind most pleasing to his fancy, introducing her portrait into many of his compositions. Three children were born, of whom two daughters lived to be the comfort of the painter's old age; but as time went on no more wretchedly unhappy household could be found than that of Greuze, whose wife made his life miserable by her extravagant ways, her violent temper and neglect of her children, and finally, by her faithlessness and flagrant immorality. Greuze bore his trials long and patiently, but at last in despair he obtained the legal right of separation from his wife.

In the meantime, a disappointment embittered for a period his artistic career. Although many years had gone by since his admission as a candidate for membership in the Academy, the picture which the rules of that body required that an artist should paint before he could become an academician had never been executed. The necessity of complying with the rules of the Academy was brought home to Greuze by a refusal to admit any more of his works to the yearly exhibitions until he had painted the requisite picture, and accordingly he now set to work upon his task; but as the full honors of membership were granted only to a painter of history, he foolishly selected a classic subject, utterly foreign to his talent, 'Septimius Severus rebuking his son Caracalla for having attempted his Life.'

When completed the work was submitted to the members of the Academy while Greuze confidently awaited their decision in an adjoining room. At the end of an hour he was summoned. "Monsieur Greuze," said the director, addressing him, "you have been received, but it is as a painter of genre. The Academy has considered your former productions, which are excellent, but has closed its eyes upon this picture, which is worthy neither of the Academy nor of you."

Greuze, astounded and deeply hurt, attempted to defend his picture, and even carried on his defence later in the newspapers; but, alas, the public echoed the opinion of the Academy and even Diderot condemned the work. Diderot's fervor, indeed, had cooled, and in his notice of the Salon of 1769, the date of Greuze's unfortunate experience with the Academy, he retracts much of the extravagant praise previously lavished upon the painter, curtly remarking, "I no longer care for Greuze."

From the day of this humiliating repulse Greuze was at daggers drawn with the Academy, and refused for many years to send his pictures to the annual exhibitions. He even left Paris and lived for a time in Anjou. When, however, he returned to Paris his popularity was as great as ever. His studio became the resort of the fashionable world. The Emperor Joseph II. and other foreign princes made it a point when in Paris to visit the famous Monsieur Greuze; the Empress of Russia invited him to her court—an invitation, however, which he did not accept—he was appointed painter to the French king, and assigned an apartment in the Louvre. High prices were paid for his works, notably for his numerous heads of young girls which cap-

tivated the public taste and added immensely to his reputation, and the sale of engravings made from these as well as from his other pictures still further increased his wealth. Such success might well have turned the head of a stronger man than Greuze, who, notoriously vain and easily flattered, was intoxicated by the adulation he received. Sometimes he made himself ridiculous by his bombast and foolish conceit. "O monsieur," he would exclaim, pointing to one of his own works, "here is a picture that astonishes even me who painted it. It is perfectly incomprehensible how with merely a few bits of pounded earth a man can put so much life into a canvas. Really, if these were the days of mythology I should fear the fate of Prometheus!"

"He is a little vain, our painter," wrote Diderot, "but his vanity is that of a child—the intoxication of genius. Take his naïveté from him and you take away his spirit; the fire would be extinguished and all his charm gone. I very much fear that when Greuze becomes modest there will no longer be any reason for his being so." Not every one, however, took so charitable a view of the painter's exaggerated self-esteem as did Diderot, and many of his fellow artists were irritated by his inordinate conceit. On one occasion the Marquis de Marigny, an authority in the artistic world of Paris, as he passed through the rooms of the Salon followed by his usual train of artists, paused before a picture by Greuze and turning to the painter exclaimed, "That is beautiful!" "I know it, monsieur," replied Greuze with his customary complacency; "moreover, every one praises me; and yet I am in need of commissions." Whereupon, Joseph Vernet, the marine painter, who was present, addressing Greuze said, "That is because you have a host of enemies, and among them one who, although he loves you to distraction, will nevertheless be your ruin." "And who is that?" asked the painter. "Yourself," was the reply.

Easily flattered, Greuze was as easily offended by any adverse criticism of his work. The famous Madame Geoffrin, at whose house all the wit and fashion of Paris were wont to congregate, once described a picture of his representing a young mother surrounded by her numerous offspring as "a fricassee of children." Greuze never forgave her. "What does she mean by criticizing such a work of art!" he cried. "Let her beware, or I will paint her as a school-mistress, rod in hand, so that children for all time shall look upon her with terror."

But although irritated by what he considered disparagement of his talent, and at times brusque and rude in his manner, Greuze was, as a rule, an agreeable companion. His conversation was elevated in tone, and when speaking on the subject of his art, in which he was absorbed, he became animated and even eloquent. In his intercourse with women, in whose society he took great delight, he was invariably gracious and charming, and praise from women was especially acceptable to his self-love.

For twenty-five years Greuze was the fashionable painter of Paris. Courted by the rich and influential, popular as well among the lower classes, to which his work so strongly appealed, he was at the height of his success when suddenly the Revolution swept like a wave over Paris, bringing destruction to the

old order of things and engulfing the fortunes of thousands. Greuze lost all that he possessed. Even his glory had waned, for the star of David had arisen, and at once the fickle taste of the public turned to the new art that he represented—the classic, severe, and “antique-heroical”—and away from the moral scenes and pretty faces painted by the artist who but yesterday had been its idol. Greuze, in short, had outlived the movement in art of which he had been the interpreter. Neglected, almost forgotten, he realized that his day was over. In spite, however, of every discouragement, he worked on indefatigably to the end. The pension that had been granted him by the king came to an end with the cessation of royal authority, and at seventy-five he was reduced to the utmost poverty. The touching appeal that he addressed to the Minister of the Interior tells of his changed fortunes. “The picture that I am painting for the government,” he writes, “is only half finished, but my circumstances are such that I am forced to ask you to pay me part of the money in advance, that I may be enabled to go on with the work. . . . I have lost everything but my talent and my courage. I am seventy-five years old and I have not a single order for a picture. It is the saddest hour of all my life.”

On the twenty-first of March, 1805, Greuze died at the age of eighty years. To the last he had retained the affection and regard of a few faithful pupils and the devotion of one of his daughters, who lived with him. It is said that when Napoleon heard of his death he exclaimed, “Dead! Poor and neglected! Why did he not speak? I would gladly have given him a pitcher of Sèvres filled with gold for every copy ever made of his ‘Broken Pitcher.’”

The Art of Greuze

CHARLES NORMAND

‘J. B. GREUZE’

IN his own day Greuze was all the fashion. From the time of Boucher to that of David, his works aroused an enthusiasm that was beyond their deserts. But, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the public, his contemporaries saw clearly just where the weakness of this so much vaunted painter lay; and Diderot’s estimate of him, if all its qualifications—all its “buts” and “howevers”—be included, would, after all, form quite a comprehensive criticism of Greuze, for in his various notices of the artist’s pictures he has pointed out his monotony and artificiality, the dryness of his inspiration, his carelessness in the drawing of draperies, his excessive use of purplish tones, and many other things.

Diderot says that one day while visiting La Tour, the famous pastellist, he asked La Tour why it was that in so charming a picture as the ‘Little Girl with the Dog’ by Greuze, where the painter had so admirably succeeded in the difficult art of painting flesh, he had not been able to paint linen, for that the drapery falling over one of the girl’s arms was like a piece of stone furrowed out to resemble folds. “The reason,” answered La Tour, “is also

the cause of many other and more important faults, which all come from teaching pupils to embellish nature before they have learned to know what nature really is, so that when it comes to any faithful delineation of details they are completely at sea."

This was the case with Greuze. La Tour's words applied to his work explain the relative depreciation which it has undergone, and from which its good qualities, however real they may be, have not been able to save it. First of all, his principal fault—the prevailing fault, indeed, of his century—is that he is *artificial*: artificial in the choice of his moral subjects, which attained their excessive popularity because they responded to a passing state of mind which for us of the present day has only a historic interest; artificial in his attempt to preach morality by means of art, which in preoccupying itself with an end foreign to its nature overlooks its own proper aim and object—itself. This attempt led the painter to appeal to the eye of the spectator by means of a wholly scenic arrangement, in which antitheses jar upon one, and in which the exaggerated gestures and melodramatic attitudes are far more unnatural than any seen upon the stage. . . .

In addition to this absence of sincerity there is great sameness in his works, a sameness that results from the paucity of his imagination. Never did a painter repeat himself more persistently or more zealously. Having seen a few carefully selected samples of his works we know them by heart; there is no fear that he will ever take us by surprise. Blondes or brunettes, with a ribbon in the hair and a bouquet of flowers in the bosom, his young girls are all the same; or, at least, the family resemblance among them is so strong that there is no mistaking them. The same may be said of his puffy little urchins, of his lean and bony old men, and of his blooming young mothers surrounded by their numerous offspring. There is nothing more irritating and tiresome than this *unfruitful abundance*, so to speak, forever placing in different situations three or four figures invariably the same.

In addition to these faults of a general nature, there are others in Greuze's work which more especially concern his technique. We have seen what La Tour and even Diderot thought of the lack of frankness and truth in his compositions; he was also reproached, and justly, with not knowing how to paint large figures, with suspiciously avoiding the nude, with not paying sufficient heed to the disparity of age between the heads and the bodies of his figures; and, finally, he was accused of such carelessness in painting draperies that they resembled plaster casts. In regard to this last point, however, Greuze seems to have been more inclined to take credit to himself than to try to correct the fault, saying that he neglected the draperies intentionally, the better to bring out the flesh-tones—an ingenious excuse, which he found preferable to an acknowledgment of inability. Finally, exception might well be taken to the lighting of his pictures—to the way in which the light is scattered, to the heavy atmosphere surrounding his figures, to the whites, which have turned to dirty gray, to the stiffness and the metallic finish of his materials, to his purplish tones, and to his dull backgrounds, which darken scenes already insufficiently lighted. . . .

But, after all is said and done, his faults and his failings have not prevented Greuze from maintaining, after a passing eclipse, his position in the estimation of connoisseurs. The reasons for this are, first of all, that he is documentary. That is to say, he marks an epoch in the history of the evolution of ideas, and of the art that interprets those ideas by giving them pictorial form. He is the painter of the period overflowing with good and generous impulses and tender emotions, as well as with the illusions that preceded and prepared the way for the French Revolution. He personified a manner of thought which, carried to excess, became somewhat ridiculous, but which had its excuse in the lofty ideal for which it stood. Like that ideal, Greuze is theatrical and declamatory; and again, in accordance with that ideal, he preaches love for the humble and unfortunate, practice of domestic virtues, family affection, labor, order, economy—in a word, all the virtues in which the strength and honor of the middle classes in France still consist. In this sense, his moral scenes have a historic value that would alone be sufficient to assure him a distinct place in the history of French art of the eighteenth century. Another reason for the position which he occupies is that he represents a special style of painting that was, if not created, at least revived by him. Every new state of society calls for a new kind of art, and that art Greuze tried to give to his own time. Whether he succeeded, or whether he was prevented from succeeding by too great a deference to the prevailing art tendencies of the day, to say nothing of his own individual tendencies as well, is another question. He painted human nature as he conceived it in the lower classes, giving rights of citizenship to the bourgeoisie, to peasants—to all those, in short, whom the fastidious taste of the upper and fashionable class, the nobility, had until then banished with supercilious scorn. He did not wholly accomplish this, it is true, but he started the movement, and was the first to open up the path and to attempt a new formula for the portrayal of the world's sorrows and hopes. Not to every man is it given to be an initiator, and it would be unjust to Greuze were he denied that glory.

There are, moreover, other and more technical reasons which help to save his name from oblivion. He had an unusual gift for composition. True there is bombast in his moral scenes, but there is also movement and vigor; and there is unity in the action which animates his personages. His pictures of familiar every-day subjects, less theatrical than the others, show an astonishing abundance of life. No one understood as he did how to depict the pretty disorder which children occasion in the family circle. He scarcely varied his compositions, but he knew how to arrange them. His portraits, too, are well composed, and in recognizing that fact no slight praise is awarded him.

Greuze has still other qualities, one in especial. He is the painter *par excellence* of woman, or, more strictly speaking, of the young girl. Man, in his achievement, is the exception; the young girl is the rule. He never grows weary of her, but portrays her in every situation and in every attitude. She is always the same and always charming. He paints her with pure love of the subject and in a way that clearly shows that in his eyes she is the most

important thing in nature. This exclusive passion for painting young girls of that uncertain age between the child and the woman added immensely to the artist's reputation, concentrating the admiration of the public, which likes to feel sure of its ground, upon one single point in his work, and resulting in the creation of a type of young girl peculiar to him and to which his name will always be attached.

A subject that is dear to the heart of a painter is sure to inspire his brush. So it is with Greuze each time that he paints the red lip or the blushing cheek of a young girl. Although as a rule unpardonably careless in his treatment of draperies and accessories, his brush lingers lovingly on these youthful faces, so full of health, so round and firm, beautiful as flowers, tempting as ripe fruit. Dull and gray at other times, Greuze is in these pictures a colorist; and when we see these delicate and harmoniously blended tints we can well understand the enthusiasm they aroused in a public accustomed to the substitution of rouge and paint for the natural colors of the complexion.

As a matter of fact, however, Greuze was more of a draftsman than a colorist. The inexorable school of David, it is true, found that his drawing was not accurate, his modeling weak, and that the bodies of his figures were not always definable beneath the amplitude of their draperies. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Greuze, without manifesting the impeccability of more recent masters, drew when he so wished (especially is this the case with heads) correctly and accurately. And this is hardly enough to say: his preliminary studies have a certain personal accent; they are better, indeed, than the finished figures which he painted from them, for these suffered from what La Tour called "the embellishment of nature." In short, Greuze's pencil was truer than his brush. One was guided by the daily, incessant observation of the artist; the other obeyed the fashion, and was subservient to the influence of superannuated precepts or of preoccupation foreign to art.

To conclude: Jean-Baptiste Greuze is a painter of the second order whose position among the foremost of his time was due to a happy chance. That he lived when he did was his good fortune; that he knew how to profit by the fact is to his credit. His works were all the fashion for about twenty-five years. He came just between Boucher, whose day was over, and David, who was destined to revolutionize all the traditions of the French school of painting. Greuze was not an originator—the familiar scenes that he portrayed were no novelty after those painted by the Flemish and the Dutch; he merely revived them by adapting them to the taste of his day. In that respect, he became the interpreter of a special condition of mind which found in him its painter, as it had found in others its poets or its philosophers. To personify an epoch, however short—a moment, it may be, in the busy and tumultuous life of a nation like France—is a piece of good fortune which is at the same time a warrant of perpetuity. Greuze had that good fortune to an extent that was, perhaps, beyond his deserts. He is one of those men whom one cannot praise highly without running the risk of over-praising, and whom it would be equally unjust to disparage to the point of contempt. He had the qualities of a great painter along with faults and weaknesses which he never overcame.

He was more sentimental than feeling, more moral than pure, more declamatory than pathetic, more prolific in his gift than fertile in his fancy. He was moreover a mediocre painter of light, understanding but imperfectly the management of chiaroscuro. Compared with the brilliant colors of some painters, his palette is too often heavy, gray, and monotonous. But for all that, Greuze possesses charm, and grace, and a delightful freshness that he seems to have borrowed from his favorite subjects—children and young girls. And this is sufficient to insure him a permanent place among painters, if not in the orchestra itself, at least in the front rows of the parquet.—FROM THE FRENCH

EDMOND AND JULES DE GONCOURT

‘L’ART DU XVIII^{ME} SIÈCLE’

TO the unethical eyes of the present generation it has become apparent that the charm of Greuze, his true talent, his originality, and his strength are evidenced in his heads of children and young girls, and almost only in them. They alone serve to redeem the faults, the weaknesses, and the defects of color so apparent in his large pictures, with their leaden and heavy color schemes, their mixtures of purple and shot hues, their uncertain reds and dirty blues, their muddy backgrounds, and their opaque shadows. Indeed, since these story-telling pictures have gone out of fashion it would seem as though the light had faded from them.

But turn to one of Greuze’s little blonde heads, which seems lighted by a ray of sunlight that gleams over it like a caress, and we feel that here the brush that rounded this rosy cheek, modeled this smooth, white little forehead, gave these blue eyes the light of the sky, softly shadowed the delicately penciled eyebrows, and set the cherub-bow lips between the soft curve of the cheeks, was the inspired brush of a true painter. Surely nothing could be fresher, more lifelike, or more delicately handled.

Excelling as a delineator of childhood, Greuze was a master when he painted the head of a young girl, and an unmatched master in depicting that transient and ephemeral loveliness wherein the woman’s beauty is just beginning to work its wondrous transformation in the contours of the child. With what adorable lightness does he paint the fleecy, fly-away locks of hair, vainly confined by a ribbon, the shadowy golden down where the forehead joins the hair, the delicate network of blue veins that branch across the temple! What a slumberous veiled flame, or what a swimming glance, he gives the eyes, and how tremulously sweet is the look when a tear hides in the lashes! Indeed, he loved all the signs of maiden youthfulness—the fine sensitive nostrils, the bated breath that half opens the pouting lips with vague wonder and aspiration.

Glazings strengthened by dashes of opaque color, rays of light gleaming through liquid half-tones and sparkling against thin under-tints—with such slight means did Greuze evoke on his canvases those fair, rosy faces, the tender warmth of flushed and downy flesh, those slender necks, those rounded shoulders like twin doves, and those little breasts that catch reflections from the gauzy drapery that half hides them. Such pictures—happy inspirations of color—plainly painted because of the artist’s love of them, recall at times

Rubens, the great master whose genius and whose secrets Greuze studied assiduously for hours together, perched upon a ladder in the Luxembourg Palace.—FROM THE FRENCH

ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE

‘HISTOIRE POPULAIRE DE LA PEINTURE’

GREUZE painted some really good pictures as well as some that are very poor, if not actually bad. He belongs so completely to his own day that there is no wonder that his popularity should have been great—far greater, for instance, than any accorded to Chardin, who belongs to all time.

Greuze had a decidedly individual feeling for grace; not however for grace of a simple and natural kind. His heads of young girls, bewitching as they are at first glance, are, as a matter of fact, artificial and affected. His best works, however, in the opinion of the critical, are these very heads of young girls. They are, indeed, the works of a true painter, whose touch is delicate, and who has selected subjects both fresh and charming.

After all, the chief reason why Greuze, although his vogue is not now what it once was, is still one of the most interesting painters of his century, is that he owes absolutely nothing to any other artist. His color, which is often inharmonious and commonplace, his drawing, which is uncertain and affected, although at times bold and clever, his melodramatic and bombastic composition, his sensual kind of virtue—in a word, all his qualities and all his faults are wholly his own.—FROM THE FRENCH

SIDNEY COLVIN

‘PORTFOLIO’ 1872

GENERALLY, in discussing the French painters of the eighteenth century, we find that they are a long way removed from our taste. In the case of Watteau the brilliant, of the admirable Chardin—to some extent even of Boucher, the careless and voluptuous—what we have to do is a work of vindication, the work, most welcome to the true critical spirit, of reviving extinct sources of pleasure or trying to create new ones, of defining and putting their value upon things delightful in their degrees, and of which the delightfulness had in part escaped us. But as to Greuze the case is different. With the other masters of the eighteenth century Greuze had in his own country undergone his day of depreciation; with the rest of them he was rescued from that slight esteem, when it would have been just, or little less than just, that he should have remained in it. Like his betters, he now commands immense favor and immense prices. A French critic has remonstrated with us for making so much of a painter who, “after all,” says he, “is of the second rank; whose drawing is meanly rounded; whose modeling is heavy and soft; who has no knowledge of chiaroscuro; whose simplicity is part affectation; the movements of whose figures are vulgar or pseudo-dramatic.” Beneath whatever may be trivial, affected, or in the worst case vicious, in the art of Greuze’s predecessors and contemporaries, there is always a real artistic gift—a first-rate dexterity of observation and draftsmanship in one, a profuse ingenuity and surprising decorative knack in another. Beneath what is wrong in Greuze, however, there is little but pretense. He has that

shallow and obvious attractiveness, both in the look and meaning of his work, which appeals at once to coarse observations. It is this surface fascination which makes him so dangerous to such as are young in these things—to the public; it is for this he might be banished by the legislators of no matter how liberal a republic of art. Just as surely as Greuze offends the skilled perceptions, so surely does he take the crowd; until it makes you fume to hear the exclamations of well-meaning fellow-creatures over his empty beauty, his ogling innocence, his immoral moralities, his styleless grace, his sentimentality without refinement, his artistic sententiousness, his ill composition and ill drawing, and the affectations in which he is steeped.

One of Greuze's merits is that he was original in his vein, such as it is—the vein of bourgeois and peasant life, treated from a dramatic and moralizing point of view. Middle-class and humble life, so treated, starts by the middle of Greuze's century into the first place in the literary romance of the time. It preoccupies and gives its color to, more than any other one element, the literary sentiment in France of the days preceding the Revolution. But Greuze was its first exponent in art. . . .

He has four main kinds of sample besides portraits. They are, first, the class of compositions of several figures telling a distinctly dramatic story, such as the famous 'Village Bride.' Of this class again are the pendants in the Louvre of 'The Father's Curse' and 'The Punished Son'—here, the old peasant stretching out his hands to curse a graceless son, mother and elder children variously deprecating or distressed, younger ones bellowing with dismay; there, the same old man dying, the runaway coming home a cripple, just in time to see his father's death, mother and children again reproaching or lamenting. Of this class, too, are many of the pieces in which Diderot especially delights, and which tickle perpetually with the same allusion. It is a girl pouting or crying over something lost or broken—broken eggs, a broken pitcher, a broken looking-glass, a dead bird, a withered bunch of flowers, and so on, and so on. Some of these belong to the class of large compositions with accessories and a story; some to another class of single figures with accessories and a story. Then there is another variety of the large compositions, which simply represents scenes without any or much narrative interest. And there is the fourth and best-known class of single symmetrical heads: innumerable heads and shoulders of girls with faces fourteen years old and figures eighteen, smiling or ogling, languishing or devout, and set to typify Innocence or Repentance; to stand for Psyche or Magdalene, or whoever it may be; to entice with pulpy complexions and bare throats, disordered ringlets and fluttering scarfs, great violet-colored eyes and little coral mouths, and all the recipe fascinations of a shallow prettiness. Sometimes there are formal mythologies, a Diana and Callisto, a Nymph sacrificing to Venus; once there is a great history-picture of Septimius Severus rebuking Caracalla; but these, especially the last, are failures. . . .

In the history of the world as well as in the history of art, the work of Greuze has no doubt some importance, as it embodied the social and literary sentiment which we have seen—as it reflected, and in its way glorified, the classes in society who were to make the great Revolution and to change the old world into a new. But it will not escape the student who can see when

expressional or dramatic painting is dexterous and true, and when historical or ideal painting is dignified and beautiful, that the painting of Greuze has neither the virtues of the one class nor of the other. It will not escape him that these types of village patriarch, virtuous poor matron, and sturdy peasant children, are shallow and false types, that their attitudes are forced and pretentious, that in their gesticulation, their facial contortions, the outspread hands and exaggerated passion of the actors, there is a vain display of science which does not exist. He will acknowledge, both in these and in the single heads which the majority find so seductive, a personal and not unpleasant choice of color—a skilful manner with the brush. Greuze, he will say, worked not unpleasantly in a key of his own, of light violet, quiet blue, gray, and maroon or cocoa-color. In an age when “touch” was everything, he found out a touch of his own, more like that of Rubens than of another; he laid on his thick smooth flesh-tints, creamy yellow in the lights and cool violet in the shadows, with something of the same rich and buttery succulence with which Rubens laid on his very different scale of carnations. He painted with a certain prettiness and cleverness the jumble of a boudoir or cottage. And it is to the credit of his technical processes that they have stood the test of time surprisingly. But he was one of the few Frenchmen who never had any instinct of composition; who told his story clumsily and heavily, and was tedious as well as affected. And he could not really draw; most of the heads and bosoms which a blunt perception finds so fascinating are atrociously ill drawn; he had not even properly mastered the charms which he was continually repeating. Grant him a few portraits in which he catches with some elegance and dignity, and without too much display, the elegance and dignity of the sitter. Still, to see through Greuze is in art the beginning of knowledge.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS

'ART JOURNAL' 1901

THREE chief phases are to be noted in the talent of Greuze. He is the sentimental moralist, starting not from a study of humanity as it is, but from a preconceived idea of his own—or rather, perhaps, of the men of letters of his time. He is the erotic sentimentalist, outwardly decent in his reticence, yet in suggestion infinitely more insidious than a Boucher, a Baudouin, or a Fragonard, since he lacks their open-air frankness, their humor. Finally, he is the portraitist, modest, charming, and distinguished in his rendering of women, simple and even severe in his rendering of men.

It was as a sentimental moralist of the brush that his great fame was won at a bound, with such pictures as 'A Father Reading the Bible to his Children,' 'The Village Bride,' 'The Father's Curse,' and 'The Punished Son.' But this is not the stern, wholesome moralizing of a Hogarth, who lays on the lash without mercy, pitying, it may be, yet abating nothing of his cruel flagellation; it is the outcome of the affected sensibility, the sentimentality worn as a becoming garment, which is so peculiar to the eighteenth century. It is to be found in a loftier phase in the greatest literature of the moment, in the works of Diderot himself, and preëminently in those of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Here, in the painted work of Greuze, we have the sentimentality

in the sniveling stage. It protests too much, and there is in it too little of real sympathy, of real comprehension. Greuze is playing "*grand premier prix de vertu*" for the gallery, and Diderot too hastily accords to him the laurels—almost the halo. And then from the technical standpoint it is impossible to enjoy these once famous pieces, so cold is the color, so black are the shadows, so defective and dramatically inexpressive is the general arrangement, so limited the power to realize tragic gesture, or the soul as it burns through the human physiognomy in culminating moments of emotion.

Greuze's great glory with the connoisseur and amateur of yesterday—and, in a less degree, of to-day—is his vast gallery of young women in the bloom of womanhood, but more especially of young girls and children. Even here he is but rarely a true colorist, if we compare him to a Watteau, a Lancret, a Pater, a Boucher, or a Fragonard. His tints are at the best cold and porcelain-like in their prettiness; the sense of atmosphere is absent. But he has, it must be confessed, certain very striking qualities of his own; and to express for these celebrated studies of girlhood and womanhood, by which he even to-day maintains his place as a popular painter, too exaggerated a disdain would be to yield to an instinct rather than to a conviction. He has an admirable way of stating his subject, of composing his single figure in such fashion that it stamps itself in the memory of the beholder. The brush is wielded with more energy and decision—especially in the broadly disposed and broadly painted draperies—than the casual observer at first imagines. There is undoubted sprightliness, undoubted attractiveness of a kind in these things, though it is anything but the fresh unsullied charm that the admirers of "*les mœurs dans l'art*" may have chosen to discover in them. The typical instance, though not by any means the best picture, is 'The Broken Pitcher,' of the Louvre; and with it, as regards the mode of presentment and the quality of the suggestiveness, may be classed many others in which Greuze gives with a rare subtlety, with a suggestiveness the more unpleasant because it is so decently veiled, the unripeness of sweet youth that has not in it the elements of resistance to temptation. . . .

In the category of portraits are some exquisite things which might quite as well be placed in the class which we have just been discussing. Among these should be cited the discreetly fascinating 'Madame de Porcin' in the too little visited museum of Angers, and the voluptuous 'Mlle. Sophie Arnould,' in the Wallace Collection. Among the portraits of men, none is more typical of the austere side which so seldom peeps out in the art of Greuze than the portrait of the master himself in the Louvre. He appears here grave, almost grim, in all the bitter disenchantment that came into his life of brilliant popular success when the French Academy, estimating at its true value his historical picture, 'The Emperor Severus Rebuking Caracalla,' consented to accept him, but only as a "painter of genre." . . .

Let us strive to be just to the once so over-rated and now so often under-rated painter, from whom the truest lovers of art of to-day recoil with a curious kind of aversion, yet whom in fairness they cannot wholly deny, and some of whose pictures are veritable inventions—something added to art.

The Works of Greuze

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE LISTENING GIRL'

PLATE I

"AMONG all the pretty heads painted by this Carlo Dolci of France," writes Mr. M. H. Spielmann, "'The Listening Girl' holds a leading place. It is well painted and the expression is fresh as well as charming."

This picture, for which the late Marquis of Hertford paid a sum equivalent to \$6,300, is one of the most popular of the twenty-one examples of Greuze's work in the Wallace Collection at Hertford House, London.

'THE BROKEN PITCHER'

PLATE II

NO picture by Greuze is so celebrated, nor has any been so often copied, as 'The Broken Pitcher' ('La Cruche Cassée'), now in the Louvre, Paris. She is familiar to us all, this young girl dressed in white, with a gauze scarf loosely tied about her neck, a violet ribbon and a flower in her chestnut-brown hair, and with an expression so naïve and charming as she holds her lapful of flowers and carries over one arm the pitcher that she has just broken that she has captivated the public taste from the time that she was first painted down to the present day.

Madame Roland, in a letter written before her marriage, speaks of visiting Greuze in his studio and of seeing 'The Broken Pitcher' there. "It represents a little girl," she writes, "innocent, fresh, and fair, who has broken her pitcher. She stands near the fountain where the accident has just taken place. Her eyes are not opened too wide, and her lips are still parted as she wonders how the misfortune happened and whether she is to blame. Nothing could be prettier nor more piquant, and the only fault to be found with Monsieur Greuze is that he has not made the little girl quite sorry enough to prevent her going to the fountain again! I told him this, and he was amused."

'The Broken Pitcher' is a thoroughly characteristic example of Greuze's favorite theme of Innocence in Distress, and if in this picture Innocence is a trifle theatrical in her pose, if she is, as M. Charles Normand has said, "a flower that has sprung up between the pavements of Paris," she has nevertheless retained sufficient freshness and charm to constitute one of Greuze's most fascinating creations.

'THE MILKMAID'

PLATE III

THE Milkmaid' ('La Laitière'), one of Greuze's most graceful and beautiful works, was sold soon after the painter's death for 7,210 francs (\$1,442), but when bequeathed to the French nation by Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild in 1899, its value was estimated at 600,000 francs, or \$120,000. It is now in the Louvre, Paris, where it hangs as a pendant to 'The Broken Pitcher' (plate II).

Greuze has here represented a milkmaid holding a measure in one of her pretty hands while she rests the other upon the neck of a brown horse laden with baskets. She wears a white dress and white linen cap. Touches of scarlet and amber produce a frank harmony of color. An idealized milkmaid, certainly, is this young girl of the type so often portrayed by Greuze—not one, as M. Charles Normand has said, whom we should expect to find in the barn-yard milking the cows, but for whose delicate beauty the operatic stage would be a more suitable setting, or the picturesque palace of the Little Trianon at Versailles, where so dainty and aristocratic a milkmaid might well have played at dairy work with Marie Antoinette.

‘THE KISS’

PLATE IV

THIS picture in Mr. Alfred de Rothschild’s London Collection is so exquisitely graceful and tender that even those to whom Greuze’s art does not appeal can hardly resist it. It offers “a supreme example of the art of that period of unreflective enjoyment and facile prettiness which this painter represented.”

Technically, the painting is somewhat thin in quality and the composition mannered, but these faults are counterbalanced by the grace of the figure of the young girl who stands at a window draped with a green curtain to throw a kiss to her lover.

‘PORTRAIT OF THE COUNTESS MOLLIE’

PLATE V

THERE is a story that when Greuze, having painted the portrait of the Dauphin of France to that prince’s satisfaction, was asked by him to paint one of the Dauphiness also, the artist, seeing the enormous quantity of rouge with which the lady’s face was covered, hastily begged to be excused, adding with more sincerity than politeness, “I can’t paint such heads as that!” If, however, Greuze was hampered by the artifices of rouge and powder, he was at his best when he undertook to transfer to his canvas the fresh and delicate colors of youth, as in this portrait of the little Countess Mollie, in which his brush has so well rendered the soft flesh, the curves of the rounded cheeks and exquisitely modeled little chin, and the unconscious expression in the eyes of the child, whose fair skin seems yet fairer by contrast with the black coats of the puppies that she holds in her lap.

‘INNOCENCE’

PLATE VI

THIS characteristic example of the art of Greuze is one of the most celebrated of his works in the Wallace Collection at Hertford House, London. The motive of the picture was a favorite one with the artist, the keynote of whose work was sentiment, and who was fond of placing lambs and doves, emblems of innocence, in the arms of his pretty little girls; and although many of his faults are apparent in the picture—although the lamb is unreal and the little girl, like so many of her sisters, has the head of a child upon the shoulders of a woman, and is somewhat affected in her pose—there is, nevertheless, so much charm about the conception and beauty in its pre-

sentment that it is easy to understand the popular favor that has always been accorded to it.

'THE LETTER'

PLATE VII

THIS picture in Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's Collection, London, is one of Greuze's most charming representations of those young girls whom he painted so frequently that, as Charles Blanc has said, "a whole convent might be peopled with them." The painting in this celebrated portrayal of his favorite subject is unusually delicate, the flesh-tones tender, the white drapery less like marble or plaster than is often the case in the artist's work, and both the pose and the expression of the face of the young girl, in whose hand is the letter that gives the picture its title, are free from the affectation that so frequently mars his compositions.

'THE VILLAGE BRIDE'

PLATE VIII

THE Village Bride ('L'Accordée de Village') was exhibited at the Salon of 1761. It met with an immediate success and aroused the most enthusiastic praise from one and all. "At last I have seen this picture by our friend Greuze," wrote Diderot, "but it was not without some difficulty, for it continues to attract the crowd. . . . It is certainly the best thing that he has painted, and does him honor both as a painter skilled in his art and as a man of taste and genius. . . . The composition seems to me to be very good; the subject is full of pathos and appeals to the tenderest emotions."

The De Goncourts, writing a century and more later, when a truer estimate had been made of Greuze's artistic achievement, remark that the public "shut their eyes to the inharmonious colors, the discord of tones, the glittering of the lights, and all the faults of the picture, and were charmed, fascinated, captivated by the idea—in a word, by the *sentiment* which breathed from every portion of the canvas."

The scene of this celebrated picture is the interior of a cottage. A wedding has just taken place, and the notary, in a black coat and colored breeches, is seated at a table to the right holding the marriage contract in his hand. In the center the pretty young bride, dressed in white and with a rose in her bosom, bends gently towards her mother and sister, linking her arm the while within that of her husband. The father of the bride has given his son-in-law a bag containing his daughter's marriage portion, and with arms outstretched seems to address the young couple in heartfelt words. Another sister of the bride leans upon her father's chair, and several younger children, one of whom is engaged in feeding some chickens in the foreground, serve to enliven the scene. The picture is now in the Louvre, Paris.

'THE PUNISHED SON'

PLATE IX

STUDIES for 'The Punished Son' ('Le Fils Puni') and its companion picture, 'The Father's Curse' ('La Malédiction Paternelle'), of which it is the sequel, were exhibited at the Salon of 1765 and produced a profound impression. Diderot, enraptured, praised them in extravagant terms. "This

is your painter and mine," he wrote, "the first who has attempted to introduce morality into art." His opinion reflected and expressed the general feeling of all who saw these two domestic dramas which attained so great a celebrity and added so much to the reputation of the painter, but which to our changed views and tastes seem theatrical, over-strained, and sensational.

Both the pictures painted from these studies are now in the Louvre, Paris. The first, 'The Father's Curse,' represents a father pronouncing a malediction upon his degenerate son in the presence of various members of the family, who, horror-stricken, are grouped about him in melodramatic attitudes. In the second picture, the one reproduced in plate IX, the son, who we are led to suppose from his wounded condition has been to the war, has returned to the paternal roof only to find his father lying dead, and his mother, sisters, and brothers distracted with grief. Overwhelmed with remorse, he bows his head in tears, realizing that his repentance has come too late.

Apart from the exaggerated sentiment of this picture, it is technically inferior to many of the painter's less ambitious and less famous works. The colors are dull and opaque and are rendered more so by the greenish-black, heavy background; the draperies, noticeably the coverlet of the bed, are solid and metallic in their folds, and the pose of many of the figures is strained and affected. But even when these and other faults are taken into consideration there is something striking in the composition—in the attitude and gesture of the mother as she shows her repentant son the dead body of his father, and in the calm face of the dead, contrasted with the agitated movement of the figures about the bedside. No wonder that in painting such scenes of domestic life, Greuze should have found favor with a public weary of the cold and ceremonious pictures of the court painters, and satiated as well with the countless heathen deities which adorned the canvases of Boucher and his followers; and that this painter of the life of the people, however artificial his portrayal of that life may now seem to be, should mark an epoch in the history of French art of the eighteenth century.

'PORTRAIT OF M^{LLE}. SOPHIE ARNOULD'

PLATE X

ALTHOUGH Greuze established his reputation and won his immense popularity by his portrayal of moral and sentimental scenes, and has retained it by his pictures of pretty young girls, it is nevertheless in portraiture that he is often at his best. There no insincerity nor affectation mars his work; indeed we are told that so faithfully did his brush transcribe the features and characteristics of a face that his portraits often failed to please his sitters. One of the most charming that he ever painted is the one in the Wallace Collection, London, reproduced in plate x, representing M^{lle}. Sophie Arnould, the celebrated French actress and singer, in which there is just a touch of the *poseuse*—"the affectation of the pretty woman who, with all her consummate wit and self-command, could not quite lose her self-consciousness when standing before the easel of the painter."

It has been stated that Sophie Arnould was not really beautiful—that her mouth was too large and her skin too dark; but all admit that her figure was

perfect, her presence graceful, and her fascination irresistible. In his portrait of this famous queen of the stage Greuze shows her to us with her broad hat tilted to one side, her air of easy confidence, and her attitude graceful, careless, and yet half-studied—all characteristic of the gifted actress and opera-singer who by her genius and her keen and subtle wit dazzled and dominated the brilliant world of France in the eighteenth century.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY GREUZE
IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

OF the vast number of pictures painted by Greuze, many are in private collections, among the most notable of which are, in England, the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace, London, the Duke of Wellington's Collection at Apsley House, London, those of the Earl of Dudley, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery, Lord Normanton, Lord Yarborough, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, who owns 'The Kiss' and 'The Letter' (plates IV and VII), Captain G. L. Holford, Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mr. Beit, and Mr. Reginald Vaile; in Paris, the collections of the Duc de la Trémoille, of Count Greffühle, the Collection of Baron de Schlichting, of the Marquis de Laborde, the Marquis de Pange, the Countess de Goyon, M. Pradelle, M. Édouard André, M. Léon Say, and different members of the Rothschild family; in Germany, the Collection of Count Axel Wachtmeister at Wanas; in St. Petersburg, that of Prince Youssouppoff, who owns at least a dozen pictures by Greuze; and examples are to be found in private possession in Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and other cities of the United States. The following list includes the chief works by Greuze contained in collections that are accessible to the public.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY. BUDAPEST GALLERY: Head of a Girl—VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Three Heads of Young Girls; Head of a Young Man—VIENNA, CZERNIN GALLERY: A Magdalene—ENGLAND. CAMBRIDGE, FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM: Beggar-boy; Beggar-girl—LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Girl with an Apple; Girl with a Lamb; Two Heads of Girls—LONDON, WALLACE COLLECTION: Innocence (Plate VI); Sorrow; Roguishness; Fidelity; The Listening Girl (Plate I); A Bacchante; Girl with a Scarf; Boy with a Dog; Portrait of Mlle. Sophie Arnould (Plate X); Ariadne; Girl in a Blue Dress; Girl in a White Dress; Portrait of a Lady; Girl with Doves; Study of Grief; The Offering to Cupid; The Broken Mirror; Girl Leaning on her Hand; Cupid with a Torch; Filial Piety; The Letter-writer—FRANCE. AIX MUSEUM: Triumph of Galatea; Study of a Child—ANGERS MUSEUM: Portrait of Madame de Porcin—BESANÇON MUSEUM: Paul Strogonoff as a Child; Head of a Girl—CHANTILLY, CONDÉ MUSEUM: 'Tendre Désir'; The Surprise; Two Heads of Girls—CHERBOURG MUSEUM: Portrait of Baron Denon—DIJON MUSEUM: Study of a Head—LILLE MUSEUM: Psyche Crowning Cupid—LYONS MUSEUM: Portrait of Greuze; The Kind Mother; The Artist's Daughter—MARSEILLES MUSEUM: Portrait of a Man—MONTPELLIER MUSEUM: Morning Prayer; 'Le Gâteau des Rois'; The Little Mathematician; Girl with a Basket; Girl with Folded Hands; Study of Old Man's Head; Portrait of a Young Girl; Study of a Child; Head of a Girl—NANTES MUSEUM: Portraits of M. de Saint-Morys and his Son—NIMES MUSEUM: Study of Old Woman's Head—PARIS, LOUVRE: The Emperor Severus Rebuking Caracalla; The Village Bride (Plate VIII); The Father's Curse; The Punished Son (Plate IX); The Broken Pitcher (Plate II); The Milk-maid (Plate III); Portrait of Étienne Jaurat; Portrait of a Man; Portrait of Duval; Head of a Girl; Danaë; Portrait of Gensonné; Portrait of Fabre d'Eglantine; Portrait of Greuze (Page 64); Portrait of Greuze (sketch); Head of a Boy; Two Studies of Young Girls—TROYES MUSEUM: Portrait of Baculard d'Arnaud—VERSAILLES, PALACE: Portrait of Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle—GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Head of a Girl—GÖTTA GALLERY: The Emperor Caracalla—LEIPSIK MUSEUM: Study of a Woman—METZ MUSEUM: Danaë; Head of Bacchus; Head of a Boy; Portrait of Count d'Angevilliers—MUNICH GALLERY: Head of a Young Girl—

HOLLAND. ROTTERDAM, BOYMANS' MUSEUM: The Happy Mother—ITALY. ROME, ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE: Contemplation—RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Death of a Paralytic; Head of a Girl; Head of a Young Man; Head of a Boy—SCOTLAND. EDINBURGH, NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND: Girl with Dead Canary; Girl with Broken Pitcher (study for 'The Broken Pitcher' in the Louvre); Girl with Folded Hands; Boy with Lesson-book; Cottage Interior—GLASGOW, CORPORATION GALLERIES: The Sulky Boy; Head of a Child—UNITED STATES. BOSTON, ART MUSEUM: 'Le Chapeau blanc' (loaned)—NEW YORK, GALLERY OF ART OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY: A Nymph of Diana; Replica of 'L'Avengle trompé'; Portrait of the Duke de Choiseul; Head of a Young Girl; Virginie (a study); Sketch of a Female Head.

Greuze Bibliography

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS DEALING WITH GREUZE

THE most complete studies of the life and works of Greuze are the biography of the artist contained in 'L'Art du XVIII^{me} siècle' by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt (Paris, 1881-82), and M. Charles Normand's monograph 'Greuze' (Paris, 1885). The 'Notice sur Greuze' by Madame C. de Valori, published in the *Revue Universelle des Arts*, 1860; and a special number of *L'Artiste*, 1868, form valuable additions.

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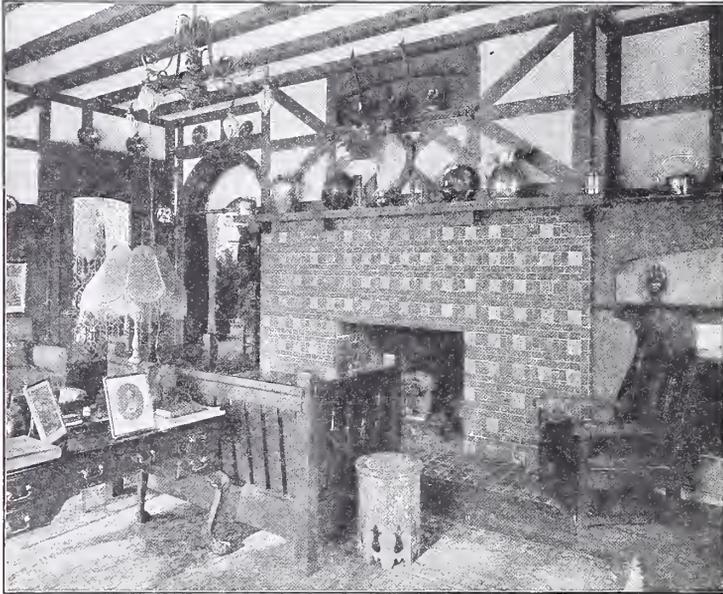
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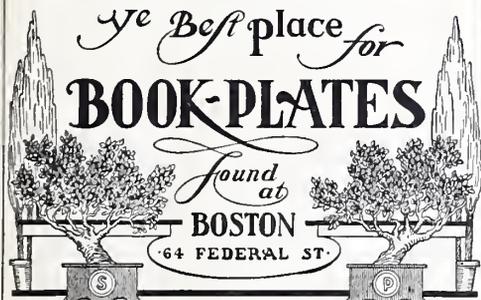
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